

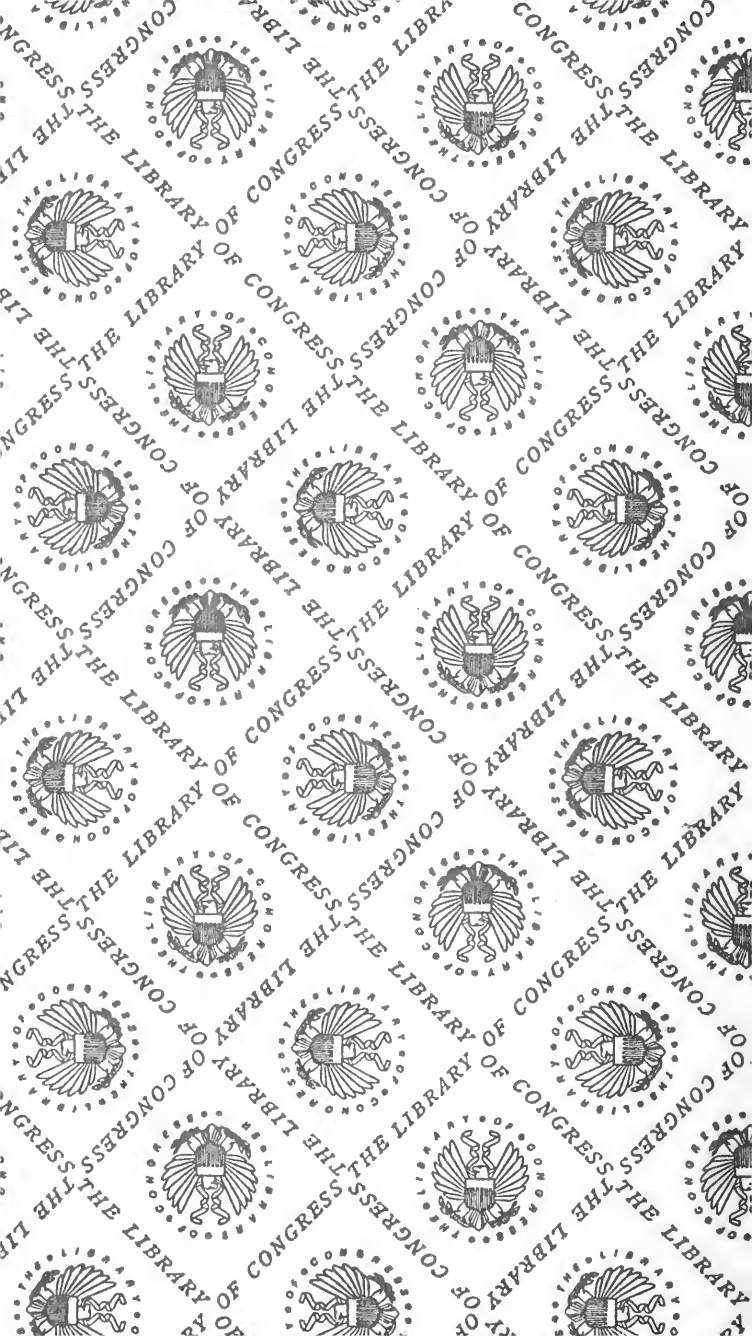
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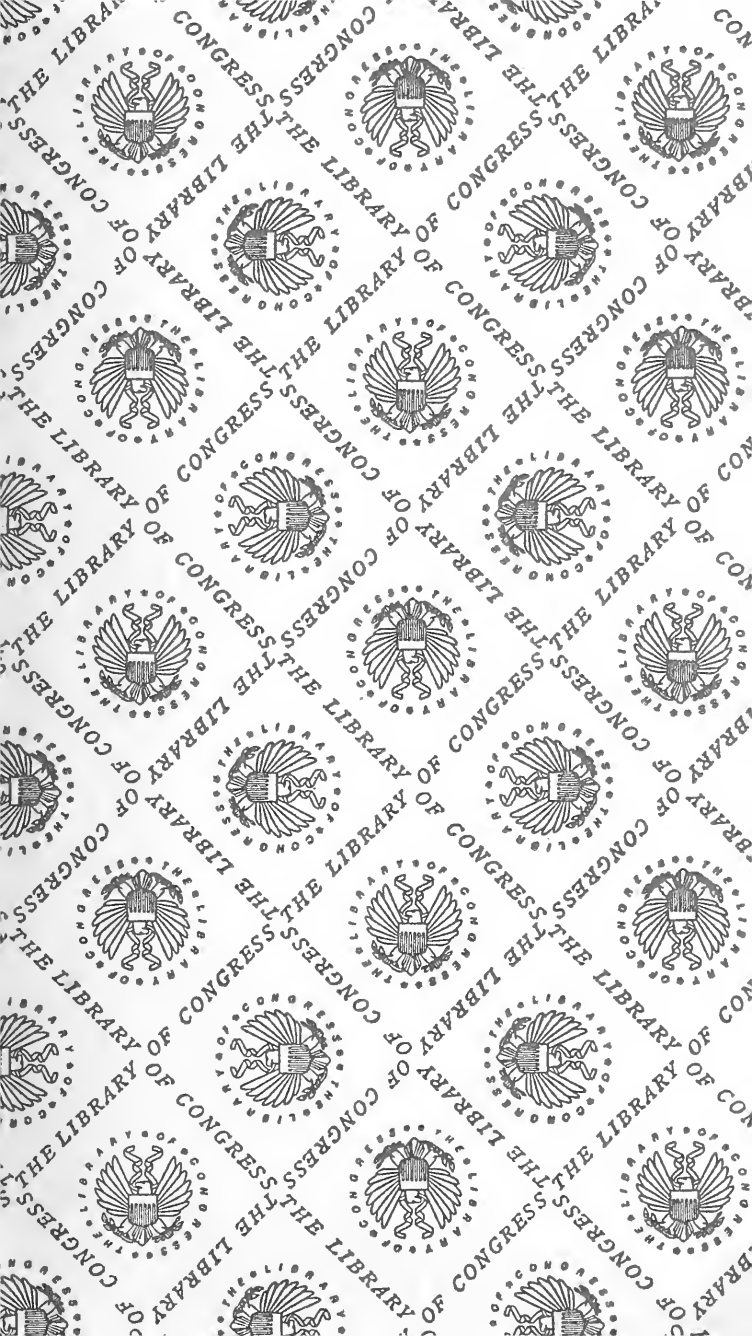
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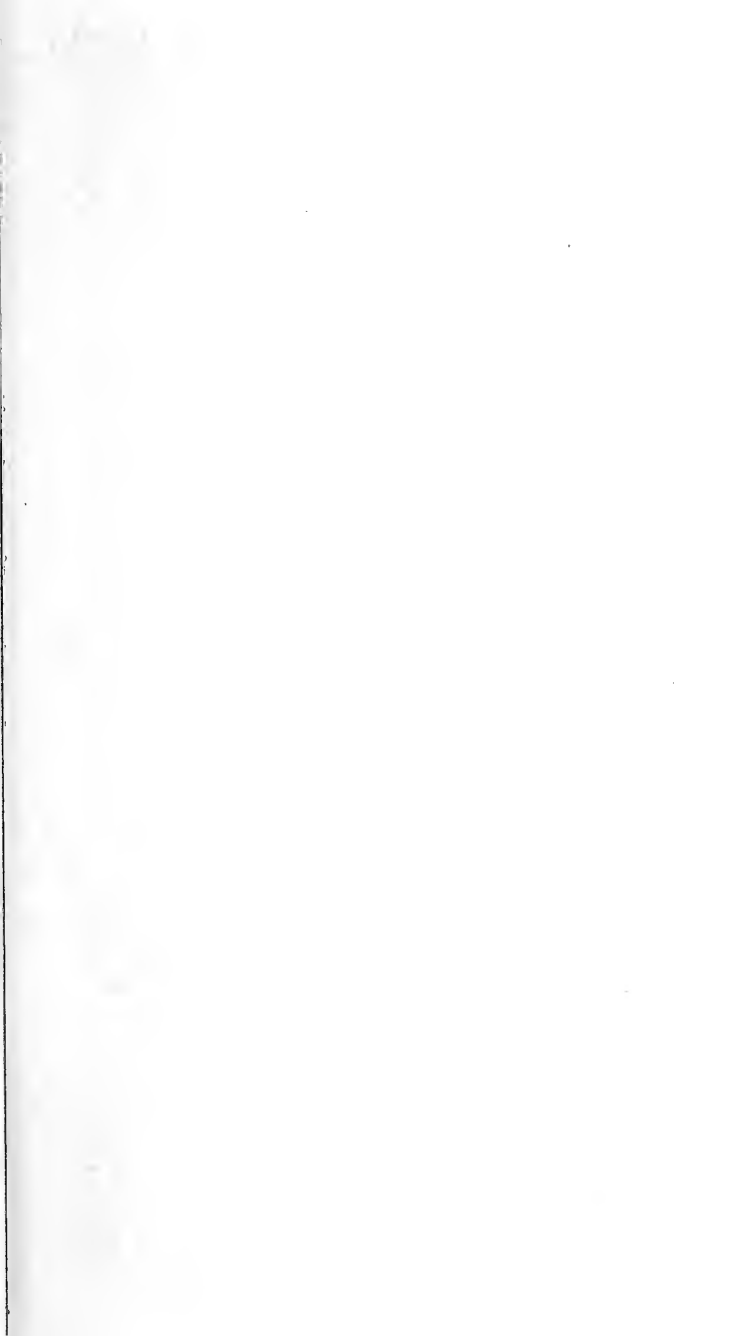


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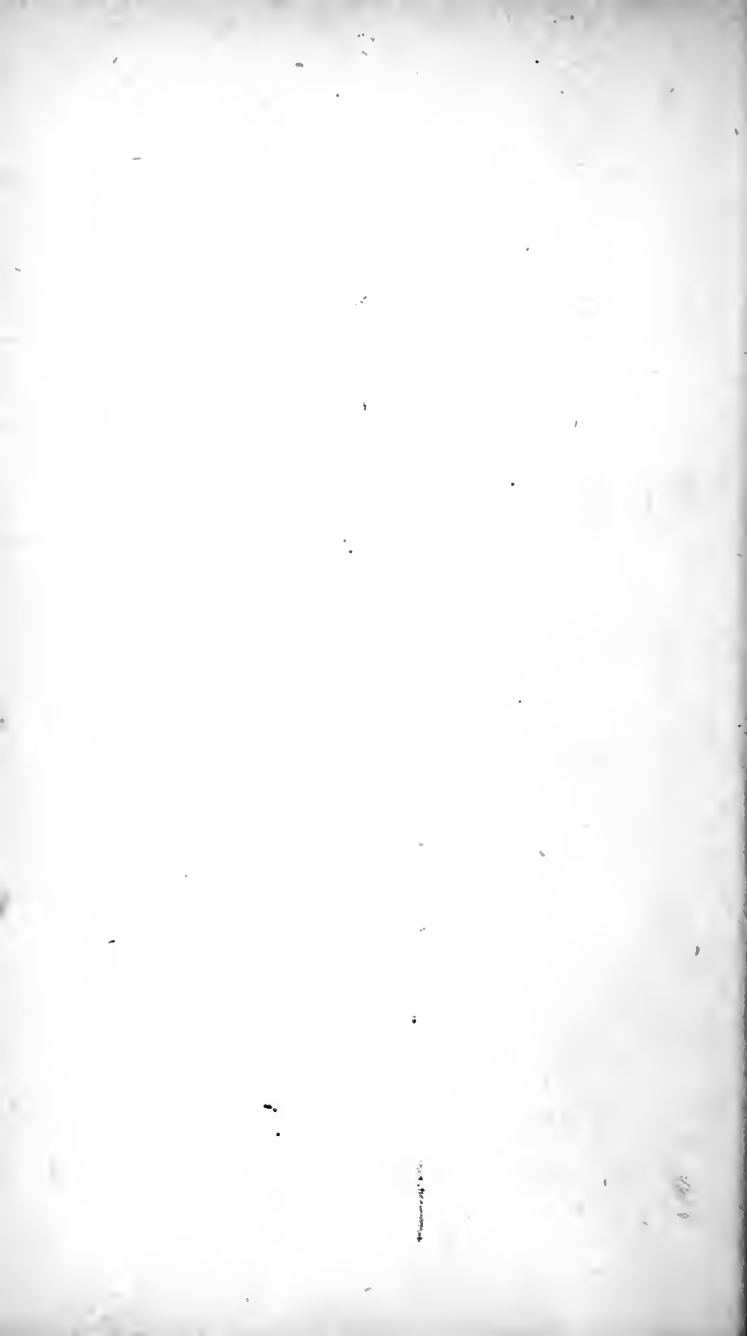












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L A Y S

OF

THE FATHERLAND.

BY JOHN SAVAGE.



NEW YORK:

J. S. REDFIELD, CLINTON HALL

1850.

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P R E F A C E .

THE "Lays," now presented to the public, were either written in Ireland, about Ireland, or on subjects connected with her past or present history. Some of them were penned in the excitement of Revolution, and with the hope of aiding it; they were printed in the recognised National Journals of the day, and some of them had the honor of finding a home in American ink and types before the author himself sought a home there, or, the fact of a political failure in his native land doomed him to seek one. Others of the "Lays" were suggested by occurrences during his wanderings in the South of Ireland, and were written while on the "felon's track." Some were written on the sea, and others since his arrival in this land.

Such is an account of their birth. As to whether they shall have a long life, or, not having a long one, they shall have a short life and a merry one, or, not having either, they shall have a sudden death, I am not prophet enough to say, nor dare I imagine. Apart from their national character, much depends, in this community, on the questions—Whether they are of sufficient literary merit to claim any attention? Whether, through all their foreign allusion and illustration, there may gleam one ray of poetic promise? Or, whether the critic is, or is not in a dyspeptic humor?

The author trusts that the Notes may prove of interest to all readers. He has written them principally for Americans, who are unacquainted with names and places—of legend and historic lore, in the HIBERNIAN'S FATHERLAND. Of those names and places, every Irishman knows more or less; yet, still he believes their hearts will beat warmer in the reading—as his has in the writing—when they wander back, at least, in thought, to Tyrone, Dublin, Wexford—the Liffey, Boyne or Suir—to the tall men of Tipperary, the stern mountains and stern men of Waterford—or steal with him up the sweet Vale of Thrushes, his dear Glan-nis-mole, by the winding brink of the joyous Dodder.

He trusts the morality of Truth and Right shall be found a prominent point in the character of the poems, while Oppression and Knavery shall be treated with an equal regard for Justice.

J. S.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 11, 1850.

LAYS OF THE FATHERLAND.

RALLY ROUND THE GLORIOUS GREEN.

RALLY round the Glorious Green,
Men of Ulster—Men of Ulster!
Crush your hate, and drown your spleen,
Orange Ulster—Brother Ulster!
Let it ring from Malin Head,
O'er Dungannon to Rosstrevor—
From Rathlin ⁽¹⁾ to Shelan's bed ⁽²⁾—
That ye prize it more than ever!
That ye love the Glorious Green!
The Native Green!—that ye adore it!
And, better still,
Ye have the will,
To love with life the land that bore it!

Rally round the Glorious Green,

Men of Connaught—Men of Connaught!

Fearless—brave—you've ever been,

Blood of Connaught—Irish Connaught!

Let your pulse of kings fast flow—

Let your ancient blood give spirit!

Let the Saxon scourgers know,

Your children shall the sod inherit!

Or, ye die upon the Green!

That Glorious Green—howe'er they rend it,

Has still a sod,

Or grave—thank God,

To bear—or tomb—men who defend it!

Rally round the Glorious Green,

Men of Munster—Men of Munster!

By the graves of Skibberreen—

Learned Munster—Valiant Munster!

Swear to right your father-land!

Swear from the Cape unto the Shannon,

From Lough Dearg to Tramore's Strand;

Swear to face the foeman's cannon!

Swear to save the Noble Green!

The darling Green—unless they yield it !
For, by the Sun,
Each man has gun,
Or pike—as each has arms to wield it !

Rally round the Glorious Green,
Men of Leinster—Men of Leinster !
The truest sons the land hath seen—
Sternest Leinster !—Gallant Leinster !
Be you as your fathers—great !
(Need I sing the strain alluring ?)
Still, Wicklow is 'Ninety-Eight !—
Wexford !—noble—brave—enduring !—
Swearing all to save the Green !—
The Em'rald Green !—oh, yes, I'll say it ;
Irishtown Cross,
And steep New Ross,⁽³⁾
Both owe a debt—and long to pay it !

Rally round the Glorious Green,
Ulster—Munster—Leinster—Connaught !
Hand in hand are brothers seen,
Ulster—Munster—Leinster—Connaught !

Orange North, and Celtic South,
 Blooded West, and Easters steady,
Join your pulses to one mouth,
 Shouting out—you're leagued, and ready,
 With your life to hold the Green,
Your birthright Green—and oh, demand it
 With prophet voice,
 Bespeaking choice
Of steel—if sense cannot command it!

MARY, DEAR.

Scene — THE MOUNTAINS — Winter.

THE snow is on the heather,

Mary, dear;

Earth and Heav'n seem together,

Mary, dear.

So, the feelings of my soul :

They in one wild streamlet roll,

Undefiled—save in their goal,

Mary, dear.

Around my heart is clinging,

Mary, dear,

A strain, my death-knell ringing,

Mary, dear;

Still, it is youth's early pride—
Freedom's watchword deified—
Worth, and wit, and all beside,
Mary, dear.

See yon cloud that skips away,
Mary, dear,
Light with love in Heaven's ray,
Mary, dear;
See—behind, where far it stood,
Streams a bright and brilliant flood,
Sweet, as joys of maidenhood,
Mary, dear.

Tho' it break my heart to leave,
Mary, dear;
And tho' sadly it would grieve
Mary, dear;
Still, 'twere well to know the worst—
Let not hope be fondly nurst :
Oh, my *Country* claims me first,
Mary, dear!

I know thy pure spirit well,
Mary, dear;
There Love—Erin—Virtue dwell,
Mary, dear!
Ere a dastard's bride you'd be,
Love would lose humility,
For thine eye speaks—Liberty!
Mary, dear.

It were worse than death to see,
Mary, dear,
Thy children around thy knee,
Mary, dear,
And each lisping little slave
Born beneath a lordling's glaive,
When their father could them save,
Mary, dear!

MOONLIGHT WANDERING.

THE moon shines in brightness
From the heavens above,
And smiles play in lightness
Round the lips of my love;
The stars twinkle fondly—
In radiance they shine;
In vain I look only
For eyes bright as thine!
Not a star in the beautiful heavens above,
Sheds a ray of delight like the eyes of my love!
Sheds a ray of delight like the eyes of my love!

THE streamlet is rushing
In gladness along;
With constant re-gushing
Ne'er drops its light song.
Thy voice has its sweetness—
More sweet than the lay!
Thy step—the chaste fleetness
Of the silvery spray!
And the shadowy waves of the streamlet so fair,
Are lost in the waves of my MARY's dark hair!
Are lost in the waves of my MARY's dark hair!

HOPE AT LAST.⁽⁵⁾

GIVE me the heart that's beating high—

A trusty hand and steel—

A mind as quick as falcon's eye,

And fired from head to heel,

With a new-born light

For his country's right,

That's lit from wrongs that are past!

With an arm to strike,

From a gun or pike!

Oh, then—then we may Hope at Last!

GIVE me the heart that ne'er will stoop

To taunt his brother man;

And love of land that ne'er will droop,

Ranged in the flashing van!

Near a barricade,

Or in woodland glade,

Or on hill where the heath holds fast,

Or a rocky glen,

Deck'd with riflemen!

Oh, then—then we may Hope at Last!

Give me heads that are cool and wise
Now—that are brave, but prudent,
To stay the gall that freedom sighs,
And guide the fierce young Student—
Lead the peasant men,
And the citizen !
Fierce and keen as a northern blast !
God grant us the will—
Good swords—and the skill
To use them, since Hope comes at Last !

UP, UP, BROTHERS, ALL.

NATIONAL HYMN OF FREEDOM.

(AIR—*Brian Boroihme's March.*)

Up! up! brothers, all!

For liberty dear!

From dark Donegal

To sea-beat Cape Clear,

From Achill's west isles

To Ben-Heder's head,

A young nation smiles

'Round Liberty's bed!

Then up! up! arouse ye!—awake, and be stirring!

Let no party-feud be your joint hopes deferring!

But let the harp ring out at once in each throe,

A charge for yourselves, and a dirge for our foe!

Hurrah! for our hopes!

A curse for our fears!

If Freedom elopes

Whilst we have bright spears!

We are knaves—
Worse than slaves—
Rush ye down, mountaineers !
For we've sworn,
O'er and o'er,
To stay Tyranny's years !

Up ! up ! brothers, all !
Look !—Freedom's bright sun
Glares fierce on the pall
That Slav'ry has spun :
And ere its lov'd fire
Shall set in the west,
Its heat shall inspire
Our green island's breast !
Then we'll rally round the great goal that's retiring,
With vengeance-lit voices of Freedom's own firing ;
And chaunt a loud hymn to that sun whose red glow
Shall make our spears thirst for the blood of the foe !
Hurrah ! for the day
When from its curs'd height
Tyrannical sway,
Its minions and might,

With a dash,
Like a crash
Of strong words in a fight,
Down shall fall,
Deeds and all,
In obscurity's night !

Up ! up ! brothers, all !
The slave-chains that hold
Your bosoms in thrall,
Are weak as they're old.
The sons' blood all join,
The Saxon to cross—
Of Benburb and Boyne,
Dungannon and Ross !

O'er ERIN the great God of justice is gliding,
With Unity's offspring for pulses confiding,
To fill this old isle with bright hopes, or a bier ;
Both waiting the seal-giving talisman spear !

Hurrah ! for the spear !
Hurrah ! for the mind,
That meets on a bier
The hope of his kind !

To be free !
As the sea,
Lash'd or lull'd by the wind,
If you're true,
So shall you,
Or a death nobly find !

. The irregularity of the metre in this chant, is a necessity to the grand and martial air for which it was written.

TO CAROLINE.

CHARMER of the Cupid lip,
Kiss the goblet, ere I sip ;
Wine, or water, tho' it be,
You shall make it ecstasy !
Or, stay, my angel !—we'll the prudes defy :
Come kiss my lips—and pass the goblet by !

Why should bliss, love, wanton time ?
Why should we be less sublime ?
I'm to kiss the cup you sip ;
Why not kiss your bursting lip ?
For bliss, when second-hand, the Gods decry :
Then kiss my lips, love—pass the goblet by !

DOWN WITH KINGS.

“Down with Kings !”—they cry before us,
Over Europe’s crown-struck way ;
People’s cry, “They’ve ridden o’er us !—
“Down with crowns and kingly sway !”
Irish Democrats, join chorus !

Up, and show your front to-day !

Purse-proud men—aristocratic—
Trembling, dread to hear you cry ;
Since, from o’er the Adriatic
To great France, resounded high
The barricade-shout !—“Democratic
“Irishmen, COME, DO OR DIE !”

“Down with Crowns !” All Europe, raging
’Neath the royal scorpion-stings,
Fiercely yell—their wrongs assuaging—
Shielded by the giant wings
Of democratic union, waging
WAR OF THUNDER, BLASTING KINGS !

Welcome that celestial morning,
When a People, free, unchained,
Dauntlessly, all Monarchs scorning,
In the strength their spears have gained,
Unite, young Freedom's shrine adorning
With shields from conquer'd Kings obtain'd!

JUNE 21, 1848.

FAME.

A SONNET.

AND what is Fame? 'Tis like an eagle's scream,
That's borne aloft on echo or on wing;
Where the bleak whirlwind, or the sun's rich beam,
The cadence fetters or its welcomes bring.
See the careering of that eagle gray!
That fine, broad-chested, noble bird, that may
Be called of airy, wing'd tribes, the king!
See how he rides, the charger of the skies,
And soars, not wondering at his fame-struck meed.
Buoyant his voice is with the sought-for prize,
And Echo lauds him wilder than his speed.
Ay, weak tribes tremble as the monarch flies!
Yet, poising careless, not less proud, an arrow
Strikes the famed bird—who drops, e'en as a sparrow!

STILL I HAVE A VISION BRIGHT.

AY, still I see an image bright,
That shines with silent flame,
Like star to traveller at night,
Or hope for longing fame!
Which, tho' it does not plainly vow
To light alone for me,
Its glist'ning bids me gaze and bow,
To homage prudery.

I love the maid with sparkling eye,
Whose lashes far out-tip
The jettest raven's darkest dye—
And such a ruby lip!
Whose brightness beams with nect'rous draught,
Which make my teeth shed tears,
That while they fall, to my eye's call,
To flee such tempting spheres.

COME, LET US SING THE SONG OF PLEASURE.

COME, let us sing the song of pleasure !
Bringing to our lips a smile !
Maiden, join the honeyed measure,
Bright'ning up our thoughts the while !

Where is Fancy ? Let's pursue her !
She will lend us for the time,
Gay lamps of revelry to woo her—
Making e'en young thoughts sublime !

And maiden come, we'll seek her sister,
Joy—to girdle on Love's train !
By Venus, no !—you shan't desist—or,
If you do, I'll try again !

A FELON'S CHAUNT.⁽⁶⁾

HURRAH! for the rifle and pike!

Hurrah! for the steel, while it flashes!

Hurrah! for the *craiseach* ⁽⁷⁾ to strike

The despot who Liberty lashes!

Hurrah! for the Democrats' choice!

O'er earth growing prouder and prouder!

Hurrah! for his steel and his voice!—

And may they ring louder and louder!

Up with the flag of the Democrats!

Down with the banner of Slavery!

Down with all lords and aristocrats!

Up with Republican bravery!

Hurrah! for the downfall of Kings!—

The pestilent scourge of the nations;

For all empty crown-bauble things

Must fall from their unholy stations!

“My lord,” and “our crown,” and the peer,

Must bend to the Democrats' willing!

Oh, this is Democracy's year!—

And, ERIN, thy vows need fulfilling!

Pike-handed, arise, Inisfallen !⁽⁸⁾

Steel-minded, sleep ye no longer !

On—on—sons of Benburb and Callan !

End your wrongs in the gore of the wronger !

SONNET.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE W. H. COLLIER, B. H. A.

I SING of genius, and the many ills

That crowd upon his long and weary path,
Like winged fiends, whom the planet wills,

That saw his spirit ushered into wrath.

Ay, wrath—for such is Talent's thorny life,

Unless smooth'd down by *Lucre*, who is not
Known to the Destinies as Genius' wife,

Nor seldom number'd 'mongst the chosen lot
Whom Nature like's to call her offspring fair !

Tho' she must doom her sons to dull despair ;
Albeit, she gives them minds richer than gold !

But what is all this brainful ore?—this prize?

When Penury, with cankering eye, and cold,

Strikes him on earth, to send up to the skies

His crest; while tear-eyed Fame "Come, smitten Brother,"
cries. DUBLIN, AUG. 24, 1847.

A VOICE FROM THE PEOPLE.

"My voice is still for war!"—*Addison*.

SHALL our noble “Felons” perish?
Shall the men whose thoughts we cherish—
Shall the souls whose hopes we nourish—
Lowly pine,
In a dungeon, fetter shaken—
Law-bereft, and slave-like taken?—
Oh! for Ireland’s wrongs awaken,
Sword divine!

'Waken sharp, with wrongs of ages—
Heroes' pride!—'mid chaunts of sages!
Despots dread, when Wisdom wages
War sublime!—
Giving freedom to the lowly—
Righting truth and justice solely—
Op'ning sacred gates to holy
Men, all time!

No ! If ye would act as true men,
Pike and rifle handed you, men,
Felons' fate would be but few men—
Not each day !

But we vow, while life's within us,
E'er to preach the means to win us
Liberty, though dark deeds thin us !
We dare it !
Though dear life and love be sunder'd—
In the blast-crown'd tyrant thunder'd—
Broken-hearted—chain'd—and plunder'd—
We swear it !

By the soul of silken Thomas—
By old Lim'rick's broken promise--
By Great Mitchel, exiled from us—
Hear us swear !
By the wounds of young Fitzgerald—
Emmet's truth, and Tone imperill'd,
Worshiping bright Freedom's herald,
Sword, or spear !

Join us—in this struggle driven,
Men of earth, and saints of heaven,
Under despot rule to leaven

All our strength !

Rise, ye Felons !—ready-handed !
Brother Democrats !—slaves branded !

Rise !—the day ye long demanded,

Comes at length !

GIVE UP YOUR ARMS.

GIVE up your arms, brothers!—

But as eagle yields his prey!

Scout your wives and mothers!

And your daughters lead away

To the stake—to the slaughter—

To the mercy, if you will,

Of minds foul as that water,⁽⁹⁾

Which lives, alone to kill!

Give up your arms, brawlers!

And rend out your perjur'd tongues!

Your necks bend for the collars

Which should clasp round serfish lungs!

The sword you had for Freedom,

Crimson deep in sires' gore!

And sell the friends who'd need 'em,

As you swore to do before!

Give up your arms, heroes !
Sure 'twas well enough to rant
With Fancy's sword ! Be Neros
With the men who hate your cant !
Lie down and lick the slaver !
Or, rise up and kiss the crown !
And swear you were a raver,
When you vow'd to hew both down !

TO C——.

Ay, I'm a worshiper at Woman's shrine,
E'er since God ope'd these giddy eyes of mine ;
But ne'er again—ah, never,
Shall my soul ramble from each lip and eye ;
For yours, dear angel, caught it passing by,
And bound it there for ever !

THE CURSE OF KINGS.

WE read in Holy Scripture of the men who begg'd a
king.

The Israelites, discarding God, to earthly idols cling;
Despite of the beneficence amongst them He had shown,
They cast aside all gratitude, and built an earthly throne,
To bend the knee before it,
And like a God adore it,
And pour heart-blessings o'er it,
That should be God's alone.

A great and good man rais'd his voice to seek th' Al-
mighty's will,

Who from His throne celestial cried—"The people's wish
fulfil!

But ere they raise a crown on earth, tell them the curse
'twill bring:"

And thro' this sage, JEHOVAH spake to Israel's gathering:

Of the debased intentions,
Chains, slavery, dissensions—
The lazar-house inventions
To rear an earthly king.

“The plagues of earthly kings are these,” the voice from
heaven spoke :

“Your daughters shall their handmaids be—your sons,
their chariots yoke ;

“To plough their fields—their corn reap—from dawn till
dusk to toil ;

“They spoil your vines, and olives too—and tithe your
flocks and soil :

“Your youths shall be degraded—

“Your dearest ties invaded—

“And e’en the strength that made it,

“Shall be the sceptre’s spoil !”

But, the deluded wretches would not list to Heaven’s
tongue :

They cried,—“ A king to rule o’er us, and dwell our tents
among !”

(And—Freedom’s God !—sure, willing slaves, that bar-
ter’d Freedom so,

Deserv’d the fiercest chastisement that men can live and
know ;)

Whereat they had a crowning—
In pride their birthright drowning—
And angry God-head frowning
Those renegades below.

Howe'er, by omens wonderful, they shortly rued the
day
They call'd a king to reign o'er them, despite the sov'reign
sway
That led their sires from Egypt—that transform'd Moses'
rod—
That sent Badan, and Jerobaal, and Jephtha, when down-
trod,
To crush the force of legions,
That circled round their regions—
For which they swore allegiance
To serve alone but God!

Oh, Irishmen! will ye e'er doubt the power of God su-
preme,
That ye will tolerate a throne, to shut out Freedom's
beam?
Do not ye think that native mind can legislate as well
On native soil, as foreigners from slavery's greatest hell?

Aged wrongs have long inflamed it;
Fierce Democrats have nam'd it,
And tott'ring thrones proclaim'd it,
CROWN-SWAY'D, NO FREEMEN DWELL!

MITCHEL.

"The memory of the just is with praises, and the name of the wicked shall rot."—*Proverbs*, Chap. x.

LIKE a sky-wonder in a gloomy night,
Outshone this man upon the ways of men;
Illumining the fetid social den,
In which souls dwindled in their prime of might;
For that they lacked an honest, guiding light,
To cheer them from the chamber-house of chains,
Where ghouls, with more tongues than the crop had
grains,
Bought up their sense, re-buying with it bright
Golden-lined favors from the despot's hand.
Oh, thou wert one—JOHN MITCHEL—in the isle,
To stand before the dooming cannons' file,
And preach God's holy truth unto the land!
Ay, your faith shook them from the damn'd eclipse,
As Christian sinners shrink 'neath the Apocalypse!

OCT. 18, 1849.

THE PATRIOT'S VOW.

THE day was calm as the smile of God ;
The air was still as stone ;
And my heart was full, as on I trod
The mountain-path alone ;
Which leads o'er holy-shrin'd Saint Anne,⁽¹⁰⁾
Above where wild the Dodder ran,
And where the Church Kilmosantan
In ivy'd ruin stood ;
Where the dear Irish fern, and wild oak dock,
And the sapling ash of the ancient stock,⁽¹¹⁾
And the foxtail and moss atween each rock,
Grew, o'erlooking the wildsome flood.

Oh, my heart was full—for thought subdued
All sense of touch or sound.
There's something so pure in solitude,
With Godhead's impress round,

That I felt—not as one of clay—
But, one that dwelleth in clouds alway ;
And, pity-hearted, then did pray
For a far-suff'ring land.
Inspired, its wrongs seemed my soul round to girth,
For ages of despots, and famine, and dearth,
Sped round this old life-lending gem of the earth,
With earthly-made demons' red brand.

My fancy wept to be borne away,
Far to that isle of wrongs ;
And long'd for a host of mind and sway,
To rend its galling thongs ;
Lo !—as wishing myself away,
An eagle's scream from wild Lough Bray,
Brought me to sense—God !—I was clay !
A slave on the turf I trod !
I knelt to that Heaven which knows no cloud,
And vow'd myself by it, a blood-death shroud,
Or victory's life o'er the despot, bowed,
And blasted from my darling sod !

JULY 22, 1848.

SAINT ANNE'S WELL.

ADOWN the lov'd valley of sweet Glan-nis-mole,
The Dodder's wild waters in bright rapture roll;
And woo the brown heath in its winding career,
Like a young lover stealthily pressing his dear;
Or yet, like the red Indian tracing the spot
Where the white man has ravish'd his primeval cot;
And it steals, and it foams, half in fear, half in joy,
Like a girl all beauty—all pride, like a boy.
Adown in this valley, where Solitude reigns
In all the wild stillness that Nature enchains,
Kippure for his throne, looking down on the vale,
(The bleak Castle-Kelly defying the gale,)
His head in the clouds, as though bound with a crown,
And sceptre, the rays of the sun streaming down.
His courtiers, Ball-mannoch, Cornaun, See-Finane,
From the Brakes to Green Tallaght he prides his domain;
And the Golden spears glist'ning like sentinels stand
Near the throne of the chief of this bright valley-band.

With his face to the Liffey, his back to Glancree,
Echo sings—as bard should, of his proud chieftaincy,
And shields in his romantic, lone mountain span,
The pure spell-bound fountain—the WELL OF SAINT ANNE.

This blest spring lies hid on the wild hilly side,
Like a tear on the cheek of a soul deified—
A “Sister of Charity,” given by bliss,
To cure with its virtues, and cool with its kiss!
And dear is the valley—ah, yes, ever dear,
Are the scenes that are link’d with a smile or a tear!
That thrill’d us with pleasure, or fill’d us with pain,
In the noonday of life, and youth’s royal demesne!
And what is more dear than the one lonely place,
Where youth met its reflex in some young loved face?
Saw the tremors, the wooings, the kissings, and then
Saw the quarrels, and sobs—yea, and kissing again?
Where the vale was our study—our music, the brooks—
The graveyard, our library—tombstones, our books?
And the ruin, a monitor Graybeard profound,
Full of pride in his charge of the records around.
And our Wells—holy wells!—that our loved legends link,
Making sinew and soul of our past glory drink—
To the heroes that fought, and the lances that sprung,
As the Sage calmly counselled—or blest Poet sung!

They are dear to our hearts : e'en this humble spring can
Flow a still humbler bard's pen—loved WELL OF SAINT
ANNE.

Its waters are clear, and as pure as the soul
Of the Saint that endow'd it ! Beneath a green knoll
It peacefully slumbers in hallow'd repose ;
And though always brimming, yet ne'er o'erflows—
For a sideling trickle leads off the blest flow,
When its breast is too full, to the Dodder below ;
And skirts by the little church, Kilmosantan,
Where the green ivy close the old ruin doth span ;
And clings like a lover whose constancy wages
A war with old Time—growing fonder through ages !
On these wild, lovely waters, the Saint left a spell—
Which faith have the countrie, and thence to the Well
They fly for its draughts—for such 'twas Saint Anne
Bestow'd on the spring, that if mortal man
Was maim'd, ill, but faith had, he'll surely get ease,
If he creep from the Church to the Well, on his knees.
But, methinks, few e'er try—for devious the path,
To the sickling or sage ; and the maim'd one who hath
Strength enow to proceed, needs less the spell, than
Stout patience he'd want to suit goodly SAINT ANNE.

Sweet Vale!—Holy Well!—Shall this heart e'er forget,
This mind to thee die, or my sun of thought set,
On the days I have spent beside thy clear tide,
Or with those my heart clung to, clomb thy hill-side?
Pointing out the old raths, where the sage peasant told
Me the fairies and spreethawns their wild revels hold;
And I merrily laughed, and he solemnly chid;
And he staringly conjured me, "Mind what I did,"
Lest the "wee folk," in vengeance, should give me a stroke;
Then I danc'd on the rath, half in doubt, half in joke;
And he, shaking his head, strolled away, chiding still,
And praying "Heaven help my irreverent will!"
Shall those scenes pass away, when afar I am gone?
No!—as steel to the magnet, I ever love on:
No!—my heart never shall let that picture decay:
Though I float the Saint Lawrence, the famed thrushes' lay
Of Glan-nis-mole's valley shall charm mine ear,
And the wild Dodder's carol more loud I'll hear
Than Niagara's chorus! And the little church ruin
Shall I see, and hear the *Coliaghs'* old Irish tune!
In fancy, where e'er roaming, my loved vale I'll scan,
And my mouth shall be still cool with draughts from

SAINT ANNE.

HILL-SIDE RHYMINGS.

CARRICK HILLS, NOON, AUGUST 1ST, 1848.

THE hand of Heaven gilds the scene,
All over rich, and mellow ;
The barley's bright, the hills are green,
The corn, golden yellow :
The Sun is darting like a flame
Of Hope, to Freedom's palace
Blessing the toil
That riches the soil
To fill up the Freeman's chalice !
For a goblet of bliss,
Is the ripe harvest's kiss,
To the soul of the wrong'd-o'erladen—
And an offering bright,
On the altar of right ;
Like first vows from a long-lov'd maiden,
Are the visions of plenty adorning the path,
Where the echo of feet, and of fierce voices hath
Vow'd in vengeance, the tyrant to bend in his wrath.

The purpled heath, on the hill-side,
The woodbine, tender, fragrant,
The wild-flow'rs on the rill-side,
With beauties running vagrant,
Up the hedges,
Round the edges
Of the streamlet—hues a million
Sweet perfuming—
Joyous blooming—
Green, and gold, and bright vermilion,
Many vested tendrils there,
Scent the air.
Roses laughing,
Vi'lets quaffing,
In the dew-struck nectar'd flow—
And over yon,
Great Slievenamon
Looks gracious on the Suir below.
Earthward, skyward,
Low, and highward,
Everywhere before us sing—
Hill and dale are chorusing:
“Let us,” jointly Nature cries,
“With the harvest fall or rise,

Let us, bounteous God-head, sever
Despots' chains, or die for ever."
And oh, should we fail, 'tis a glorious thought
To know, that the tyrant his damnation bought,
Though on earth it may meet him never !

Ay, the Despot's day may be prolonged,
Until Union crowns the Righter ;
Ay, men by man on earth may be thonged—
Plebeian, crest, and mitre ;
But, oh ! there's a hand to right the wronged,
A sword to smite the smiter.

This was written on a beautiful day, before the weather had become broken, or the blight appeared that year, on one of the eminences outside the town of Carrick, on the county Waterford side, from which height the Golden Valley of the Suir is seen with much advantage. When looking at it, I thought Cromwell right, when he said—"*'Twas a country worth fighting for.*" Yes, I thought him right, and am rebel enough to think so still.

PRIEZ POUR LE MALHEUREUX.⁽¹²⁾

BALLAD.

AH, once I knew an aged man,
When I was very young,
Whose head was white, 'neath Time's dread ban,
And foreign was his tongue ;
Whose waning eye and sallow cheek
Cried—"Here misfortune grew !"
And his words were, whene'er he'd speak,
"*Priez pour le malheureux.*"

I often wonder'd what they meant,
And view'd his weary look,
As on his breast I softly leant,
Beside a babbling brook ;
A holy well they said it was—
But then I little knew,
Nor cared for—yet a myst'ry 'twas—
"*Priez pour le malheureux.*"

The tear would often, streaming down

His cheeks, my young heart melt ;

But then he would pretend to frown,

And wondered that I felt.

And I knew not, howe'er it came,

His tears my heartstrings drew ;

Tho' young I was, I caught the flame—

“Priez pour le malheureux.”

From day to day, from year to year—

A dozen, say—pass'd o'er,

And still the babbling brook and tear

Were sought as oft before :

He was the same, tho' graver grown,

And I, as time past flew—

The better learnt to aid his moan—

“Priez pour le malheureux.”

And thus he grew down to the grave,

And I grew stout of limb—

Like shoots that grow trees, ere they have

To be cut down like him.

He fell back into Nature's womb,
As into cowslips' dew ;
And lonely I cried o'er his tomb—
“ *Priez pour le malheureux.*”

The old man gone, I daily trod
The wild and hallow'd spot,
Where he oft held commune with God,
To soothe his lowly lot.
A cankering sore was at his heart,
That none but I e'er knew ;
And I but guess'd—he'd but impart—
“ *Priez pour le malheureux.*”

And now as upward still I sped,
And older still I grew,
The meaning of the words I read—
“ *Priez pour le malheureux.*”
Oh, pray for the unfortunate !
Now—now—it spoke me true,
That why he cried importunate—
“ *Priez pour le malheureux.*”

It spoke me now, that sorrows keen
Had wasted early love ;
That death—disease—misfortune's spleen—
Or dictates from above,
Had bred the waning cheek and eye—
Had spoke the words I knew—
And led him from his home to die—
“*Priez pour le malheureux.*”

Now these words, so young implanted,
That made my old friend's pall,
They to me seem so enchanted,
That their memory ne'er shall fall.
Tho' all spleen's arrows straight be hurl'd
At mankind's breast, to you
I cry—in common with the world—
“*Priez pour le malheureux.*”

DEAR MARY OF MY HEART.

THE summer's sun is rich and fair,
Bestowing upon earth
A brightness pure—and everywhere
Conferring smiling mirth :
More generous far than morning's dawn,
Whose holy beams impart
New life to all, is *cailin ban*,⁽¹³⁾
Dear Mary of my heart !

Her forehead is a pearly star,
Enshrined beneath a fold
Of tresses dark, like night afar,
Or sable crest of old.
Ah, gladly would I yield all ties—
All nature would I part—
To revel 'neath thy angel eyes,
Dear Mary of my heart !

A SIGH FOR THE BRAVE.⁽¹⁴⁾

SAD is my heart, and lonely,

For the brave :

God ! is their spirit only

For a grave,

Or loathsome chains ?

Is all that dauntless homage of the mind,

Unbounded genius, and the hearts designed

To live in people's love, to be defined

On history's page, as one immortal blot,

For future worshippers of Freedom ? Oh, say not

That this alone remains !

Oh, doom not thus an ending

Of a bright,

Star-lighted cause, contending

For a right—

THE RIGHT OF MAN !

Shall the Apostles of pure Freedom's creed,
Fall in the sight of millions they'd have freed,
Or for their heaven-sent inspiration bleed?
Forfend it, host ethereal! Oh, breathe
On stagnate man, and let vict'ry enwreathe
The toils they well began!

My spirit weeps in sadness,
When I think,
That all their youth, hope, gladness,
Thus should drink
The cup of life!
And that the idols of this world-famed sod,
(Sacred to genius, beauty, and to God,)
Should feel the hoof, a nation's voice, unshod!
Oh, where's the nation's arms?—where the heart
And soul-fired millions, eager for the start
Into the armed strife?

CARRICK-ON-SUIR, AUG. 7, 1848.

HOME THOUGHTS.

Written on the mizen top, ship Fingal, November 4, 1848. Atlantic Ocean, two days' sail from New York.

O'ER the wide ocean
A sweet calm is lying,
With soft emotion
As young lover's sighing,
Is the scarce breathing wind—
While unbound, unconfined,
Like a fetterless mind,
Zealously trying
To compass a fav'ring gale,
Hangs loose each eager sail.

Here lonely sitting,
Dark waters surrounding,
Wild sea-birds flitting,
And wilder fish bounding—

Joyous, for Freedom's theirs !
God ! spite of deeds and prayers ;
Heart-longings—hopes and cares—
Here am I sounding
For Erin—my grief of griefs—
Brothers—and martyr chiefs.

The waters beat lowly
Around the ship's keeling—
As dear ones part, slowly,
My lone soul she's stealing
From that loved sphere afar,
Where lives my ocean star !
And hearts whose pulses are
Source of my feeling !
(Oh ! what sweet bliss to know)
Thrill pure where e'er I go !

When lowly thinking
Of home with its gladness ;
When Hope was drinking
Its life-tide to madness :

Quaffing the mocking bowl
Till strength eat out its soul,
And waxeth faint its dole
 Stifled in sadness—
E'en then I think of Free
Homes for Futurity !

Though ever lonely,
 Oh, still ever brightsome,
Dear Erin, only
 Thy wrongs rise more frightsome—
Whispering sounds to me,
Chauntings of Liberty :
“ God can make darkness be
 Lucid and lightsome,
And his creating nod
Breathes life on Slav'ry's sod !”

Oh, God of Beauty—
 Lord of Creation !
Bend I with duty
 In prayer for my nation !

Oh! host of Heaven, close
Dreadful on Erin's foes;
May thy wrath fall on those,
Bringing prostration!
And may both nations fall
Ere one shall weep in thrall.

AMBITION IN THE LONELY MIND.

SAY, can the lonely mind e'er haven thought?
Thought of Ambition in her highest flight,—
Or, is the soul so bent that life's delight
Wakes not the vision by which pleasure's bought?
Say, can that mind—that soul, so lonely wrought,
Nurture a spring that fountains into Hope?
Say, does it cover sighs beyond the scope
That seemeth loneliness unto a fault?
It does! Ambition's sprite is always near,
Gliding e'er thro' life's ever-changing ray,
And, like the sunshine on a rainy day,
Forming a brilliant prism in the drear
That spurs it on, and widens each man's sphere;
But strange, in widening, narrows his thoughts here.

TO MY IRISH BROTHERS.

BROTHERS, on this soil of freedom—

Exiles from the barter'd land,

Where the manliness Truth teaches

Falls beneath the felon brand ;

Be to one another loving,

For the sake of that old sod—

Hope is, to the creed of glory,

What the Christian is to God.

Better here, and toil on slowly

For a future freeman's name,

Than to lie 'neath vulture Britain—

Fetters—slaves—dishonor—shame,

Drooping like a shroud of thunder

O'er your weak but hallow'd path—

Oh ! friends, let your hearts be cheery,

Time a stronger thunder hath.

Albion ne'er wove web of fetters
Strong enough to curb you down,
If blest UNION could enrol you
Sworn subjects to HER crown !
Then, my friends and exiled brothers,
Can you *think*, and still remain
Disunited, ice-brained braggarts,
Welding each his brother's chain ?

See, the stately forest monarch,
Hoary oak-tree of the wood,
That has lived right royal ages,
And has wildsome blasts withstood ;
In a wrathful moment, frenzied
With the storm-king's fiercest frown,
Yields a branch—that woodman handles
In the axe to hew it down.

So that land will work its ruin,
Ay, with suicidal brain,
It shall speed for tyrant power
Till its pace outstrip its rein.

The flaming brand it keeps to light
Vex'd discord in your isle,
Shall help to flame, and show ye, too,
Her state a blacken'd pile.

But that haughty land must crumble,
If you 're true as brothers ought—
Years may glide, but should not wipe out
Hopes and tasks that honor taught.
Ev'ry soul be Freedom's shelter !
By the vows so oft you swore,
Live—to love—land, friends behind you,
And to bless Columbia's shore !

OH, ERIN, DEAR LAND OF MY SOUL'S
ADORATION.

A VALENTINE.

OH, Erin, dear land of my soul's adoration !

My Erin ma vourneen, ma cailin, ma stor !

May the heart of the exile forbid its vibration,

When beats it for aught save thy rock-girdled shore.

I've hoped on your smiles, dear, and wept o'er your weep-
ing—

I've lived in your thoughts, and have cherished thy
name ;

The hopes that you breathed, love, are still in soul's keep-
ing,

While vanished away are thy frowns as they came.

Ah ! mine's not the love of the insane admirer,

Who follows through fashion each coquetting elf ;

Thy sorrow and life 's made thee—Freedom's inspirer—

More worthy of love than thou thinkest thyself !

Keep lonely, my joy, thy pale face in thy sorrow—

Why—why should I ask thee to unrobe thy shame?

No, sooner far, Death my red life-blood will borrow,

Ere tongue shall parade in dishonor thy name.

And though thy young spirit is downcast in feeling ;

Thou love of my youth ! let thy inmost heart's core

Be electric with mine in its minstrel revealing—

There 's one life that loves thee, my Erin, ma stor !

FEBRUARY 14, 1849.

SHANE O'NEILL;

OR, SAINT COLUMKILLE'S REVENGE.

AN HISTORICAL AND LEGENDARY BALLAD.

COME, clansmen, give a hearty cheer!—Hurrah! for SHANE
O'NEILL!

Who worried out the Saxon from the north of Innisfail;
Who proudly vaunted, "Royal right!" before Eliza's
court;
'Twas his to sway on Ulster's fields, or man an Ulster
fort!

She thought to win allegiance from the proud SHANE
to her throne,
And showered tinsel gifts upon the Chieftain of Tyrone,⁽¹⁵⁾
To read him "Prince of Ulster," and Dungannon's patent
"Lord!"
But he laughed at the queenly gifts he balanced on his
sword.

He scorn'd the paltry coronet that tied him to a stake ;
He scoff'd to hear her talk of gifts which Britain dare not
make ;
Nor prince, nor lord, nor parchment right, nor England's
laws nor pale ;
He own'd—he wore a gorgeous title—Ulster's proud
O'NEILL !

Oh, 'twas a sight to see him there, before the queen-deck'd
throne—
Two subtle minds, each playing deep, to make the game
its own ;
The patronizing serpent, velvet-clad, in pomp and state—
The Northern Chief discarding gifts the Monarch would
create.

I ween the “ Arch-Traitor ” comes the victor off to-day !—
I ween the Queen's not more surprised than Sussex or
Burleigh ;
They thought their wiles of policy would charm or quell
his pride—
But SHANE was steady as Rathlin against the channel
tide.

And death-smiling Elizabeth—that treach’rous virgin—
vow’d

A host of honors on his head—his body in a shroud;
A scarlet mantle—(shroud of death)—she vow’d him
from that hour;

And England’s Queen swore, “By God’s death,” he shan’t
defy her power!⁽¹⁶⁾

For *the* O’NEILL, with gallant train, in London town
appears,

With curling hair and saffron vest, with battle-axe and
spears!

And worthy lords and burghers stare to see the “rascaille
Kerne,”

Freeborn-like, upstanding—Irish, noble, proud, and
stern!⁽¹⁷⁾

Her royal treachery to begin, the Queen not long delay’d,
Until she sent a host of troops, with Randolph, to invade
The lion’s den—tho’ came they with false promises and
smiles,

As allies ’gainst the Scotch McNeills and Donnells of the
isles.

They came with luscious, honeyed lips, to soothe the
Chieftain's ear—

Had warm smiles and friendly looks, but wish'd each
glance a spear :

They came as fabled Magi, in yore days of mystic law,
To try Deception's witchcraft, ere they sought to overawe.

This horde of British banditti, right up on Derry hill, ⁽¹⁸⁾
They set their irreligious stamp to work their treach'rous
will ;

With sacrilegious mind and tongue the ancient church
profaned,—

With acts more hellish than their thoughts, the sacred
temple stained !

Oh, Lord of sainted Ireland !—shall impious minds like
those

Reel in the temple of thy truth ?—which, pure as heaven-
ward snows,

Has lived untainted, centuries, 'midst feud and tyrant
wrong—

New life and holy hope giving, through thy immortal
song !

“No !” swears the great, the fierce O’NEILL—“they shall
not there remain,

To ruin the faith his fathers held, and desecrate its
fane !”

He sees through all their wily arts !—by heaven, they’ll
have it now !

It charms my soul from O’NEILL’S voice—I read it on
his brow !

“By the good and holy Malachy, they’ll hold this hill
no longer !

“Or else deceit and treachery—than saintly right—is
stronger !

“From out the sacred Tempealmore those English knaves
must haste,

“As water ’fore the crimson sun upon an eastern waste !”

As proud as stately lion in the wild waste of Sahara—

With eyes as brightly shining as Diana’s famed tiara—

This SHANE O’NEILL, his Irish blood on flame, and fierce
his will,

Swore reformation ne’er should blast the oaks of Colum-
kille ! (19)

This SHANE belike was blooded chief, and jealous of his
 sway ;

He ne'er would brook—God bless him for't!—nor foreign
 law obey ;

He'd give his northern blood to gild an Irish eagle's beak,
Far sooner than a limb would bend, or tongue allegiance
 speak !

Have you seen the wild waves boiling, when a white
 squall rumbles by ?

Have you seen the danger coming, when gloom sweeps
 athwart the sky ?

Have you seen the bloodhound breathless gasp, when
 comes he on his scent ?

Have you seen the eager arrow in the bow already
 bent ?—

As inward troubled was his mind as doth the wind-stirred
 wave—

As portent of the will his face, as sky that warns to
 save—

As sure as scent-found bandog he, as shaft to eager fly—
And smite the chord that sounds to soothe, but soothes
 in treachery.

To check the heretical knaves, right to the Foyle he
marches—

The impious strangers from beneath religion's holy arches
His clansmen thirst to oust, and slay with unrelenting
steel—

For that they trampled shrine and fane with sacrilegious
heel.

His vassals' every nerve and pulse with wrath and hate
were filled :

A skirmish, lo ! on Derry Hill !—the minion, Randolph,
killed !

Too glorious death by far it was, for one who held his
faith—

Of tyrant minds that crushed, and lived alone mankind to
scathe.

Oh, Derry now hangs trembling in their grasp, 'midst
hope and doubt,

As rain-drop on a quiv'ring leaf when winds boom fierce
about :

The banners of O'Doherty, and fearless Innishown,
Upheaved, to show the north is out, with true defiant
tone !

Far o'er O'Cahan's country to the south, as like a zone,
The standard of the O'NEILLS flaunt—the famed race of
Tyrone!

The fierce McSwynes—O'Donnells' clan—their banners
flout the air,
To fan the brow or shroud the frame that fights, or finds
death there!

They hung around the garrison, as ivy on the wall
Of some old castellated tow'r—to live, or with it fall—
To hide it in its might of growth—to make its strength
its own—

Or, if it withers in the blast, to drag with it the stone.

Yet, still the Saxon hirelings maintained the sacred hall,
As men will often hang on to the thread that weaves
their pall;

But sooth, the sainted Columkille dooms men and
dome to wo—

For pestilence roamed vassal to their steps, where'er
they go!

Thus, like a convict, stood the church—as the old annals
tell;

And thus the clans around it stood, to shroud it when
it fell;

And thus they would—as truth they could—but, lo!
great omens fill

All minds—a miracle!—from God, through holy Colum-
kille!

A miracle!—a miracle!—behold yon fleeing brute,
With shaggy mane and flashing eyne, and earth-disdain-
ing foot—

With speed-blown breast and strained neck, and sinews
swift as shade

That sunlight chaseth o'er a lake, or sweepeth down
a glade!

Its limbs are strong—its breath is long, and speeds the
brute so fast,

All eyes are weak to follow it, as swift it furies past—

Save that from out its mouth there gleams a wild un-
earthly torch—

Oh, heaven-wise!—look how it flies right up against the
church!

Oh, blessed Saints!—right up the hill the wolf defies the
wind!

Like comet, from the torch there speeds a trail of stars
behind!

He nears the church!—ha! nearer still!—still flames his
wildsome torch!

And breathless quail the Saxons pale, as speeds he for
the porch!

Oh, blessed Mother!—on the wolf, his course nor had he
ceas'd,

Nor danger, fright, nor mortal will, could check the
charméd beast;

Like star presiding o'er their lives, they watch the wolf-
mouth flame,⁽²⁰⁾

And read their destiny, as on the burning planet came.

Like torrent o'er a cliff he rush'd, or 'midst a ewing fold,
And sent his burning brand to woo the Saxons' powder
hold:

Like sunrise casting murd'rous night, the mystic torch
he flung—

A light to guide the knaves to death—a self-obeying
tongue.

Up, like an answer to the call, the men and fort were
hurled !

Crash ! went the sacred dome !—where echo oft unfurled
The Christian fire, and learning's light, where else was
darkness still !

Now, Niobe-like, ruins sit weeping their ravish'd hill !

So rent the soldiery in air—so crush'd their deep-laid
wiles :

The miracle !—the miracle !—from the Lord of hope and
smiles !

So may he alway aid the Right, when Wrong the blow
provokes ;

And Columkilles be plenty, each to guard his Sacred
Oaks !

A NIGHT IN THE SPIRIT-LAND.

A SORROWFUL day in the month of May,
Sorrowful, sad, and lonely ;
Callous and cold, as the winter clay,
Sorrowful, sad, and lonely,
Crowds of inhuman mortals stood,
Seeing a man of flesh and blood—
And not a mere man only,
But a Hero of truth, in the prime of his youth !
Guarded, and chained, as felons may,
Ruthlessly dragged from his land away.
On that sorrowful day, of the sorrowful time,
That swept off our pride to an exiled clime,
And rung on our hopes like a funeral chime,
Sorrowful, sad, and lonely.

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'Twas night—I sat in my own little room,

Sorrowful, sad, and lonely,

My mind as blank as an Atheist's tomb,

Sorrowful, sad, and lonely ;

Ay, as blank and bare as the grave,

Holding no faith the soul to save—

Not e'en from pity only—

And there sitting alone, like a statue of stone,

Chiselled and carved from granite gray ;

My favorite books unopened lay,

And Hope's pages that day, in Life's Volume were
thinn'd,

And my pictures and busts were as friends who had
sinn'd,

And the ghastly grim skull from its bracket down grinn'd,
Sorrowful, sad, and lonely.

The midnight chime echoed into my room—

Sorrowful, sad and lonely—

That hour when spirits have leave to untomb,

Sorrowful, sad, and lonely.

That midnight chime my stupor broke,

The twelfth and I together woke,

Sorrowful, sad, and lonely.

And the horrible truth, of the hero in youth,
Guarded and chained as felons may,
Ruthlessly snatched from his home away,
Came, and then did I pray, for the ocean to save
That bright eagle-soul from a mariner's grave,
For his wisdom shall yet guide the steps of the brave!
Now sorrowful, sad, and lonely.

I left my room, and was walking along,
Sorrowful, sad, and lonely—
Had left my study—was sauntering along,
Chilly, and weak, and lonely,
The rock-dotted beach of Ben Heder,
The jaggy-rocked coast of Ben Heder—
And stole through the rocks as if tombs of the dead,
Yet wherefore I came, or for why doth I tread
Those rocks on the beach of Ben Heder,
I never could say, since that lone month of May,
Or how came I there to Ben Heder.

Yet, onward my footsteps were wearily prest
O'er the rocks—through the rocks, wending,
Like a phantom of night, by the waves' pale crest;
Doom'd for some judgment yet pending,

To wander alone, by the weed-mantled stone,
On the brink of the Ocean's wide water,
Till at length failed my strength, and I sank down to rest
On a white flinty rock by the water.

I had scarce sat me there, when a spirit as fair—
Ay, as fair as my long-loved—my own one!
'Mid a bright halo stood, by the brink of the flood—
A bright goddess, to cheer up the lone one—
The sorrowful, cheerless, and lone one—
And, like foe to the brave! or, as grave to the slave!
She came there to comfort the lone one.
And her smile was like dew,
On the sweet jessamin,
Sparkling bright, yet to view
Laying bare what 's within;
Like a lamp, lighting you
To the beauties within,
The petal's pure essence all treasured within!

She spake, and with voice as delightful as e'er
In the blest fields of Paradise carol'd along,
When some crystalline soul leaves the earth's gloomy lair,
And is welcomed by angels, as one 'mid their throng,

'Twas loud, yet it hurt not the ear of the Soul,
And its cadence, tho' wild, was Soul's essence to me!
And its bliss to my heart was like thoughts that oft roll
Through the mind, and are lost in their own ecstasy--
Ay, faith 's often lost in Hope's grand ecstasy.

Her will and her voice,
Such a bright vision spread,
That what she then said
I can dimly remember.
As her great thoughts came on,
Each and every one,
Burn'd the last from my brain,
Till their nothings remain—
Save the treasured up sparks—
An unquenchable ember
On the hearthstone of thought
Is all I have caught—
Is all I remember
Of what entered my head,
That the bright goddess said—
She said—

“Spirit of the north-wrought wind!
From your caverns unconfined—

Spirit of the foaming sea !
From your thrones both list'ners be.
Leave your airy home of space,
Spirit of Æolian race—
Quit your caves adamantine,
Spirit of the foaming brine—
From your fields of whiten'd bones—
Bleaching corses—drowning moans ;
From your palaces of gold,
Pearly grots, and wealth untold !
From your green domain of waves,
Elves, and piscatorial slaves—
Spirit of the pond'rous deep,
Aid me ere yet Hope shall weep.
From your pyramids of snow,
From your ghostly peaks of wo,
From your path 'mid polar skies,
Whence the wrath of Boreas lies—
Come, thou spirit of scathing kind,
Aid me, watcher of the raging wind !

“Hasten !—hasten !—double speed,
Let my echo find you freed ;
Let your mind outstretch my plead,
Wind and Sea ! come aid my need !

Spirit of the dashing caves,
From your gold-sands—coral caves !
From your shelvings in the deep,
Where the Tritons revel keep,
And where Dædale lies asleep ;
Speed, as tho' old Neptune had,
In a regal frenzy—mad,
Called on you, the trident to
Rescue from old Earth's grasp, who
Stole it as the Sea-god lay
Nodding in the misty spray,
When Night had, with gentle web,
Circled Neptune's twilight ebb ;
Come, as tho' that moment he
Shouted for you—Son of Sea !
And you, gusty Wind, come down,
As tho' thunder's roar and frown
Bade you, pathway downward wend,
Clearing for his light'ning friend :
Or, as tho' Æolus fell
From air into the caves of Hell,
Where Eurydice and Ixion dwell,
Bound in everlasting spell.

And there the rout himself had raised,
But the brimstone doubly blazed,
And with royal bearing, proud,
Battled 'gainst a hellish crowd ;
Scattering them before his ire
Into the veriest abyss fire—
(Which with his breath was flaming higher.)
And so vanquishing, he feared
That his world-wide wings were seared ;
Heating in this fierce contest,
Shouted he his loud behest—
That his sprites all downward hie,
To aid him safely to the sky !
'Come, as in that moment's mind,'
Æolus cried—' Hail, son of Wind !
Wind and Sea, each quit your sphere
To aid me—Wave and Wind, appear :'

And Echo, good soul ! cried, ' Appear'—

And coeval as I heareth,
SPIRIT OF THE SEA appeareth ;
And Echo's call failed not until
She spake to her of the wondrous Will.

SPIRIT OF THE SEA.

“Hail! sister Queen of the Nymphide train!
I wait thy voice’s pleasure, ere the strain
That sung me hither, ceased to sing,
Or spent its notes in echoing.

From Missouri to the Ganges—

From the North Seas to the South—

Where the wide Atlantic ranges,

And where Baltic opes its mouth—

Swifter than the lightning’s flash!

Intent as the thunder!

Forcible as Triton clash!

The brazen prow beaks under!

I travelled at thy bidding—

So swift, no travel wrought;

So quickly have I ridden,

I changéd speed for thought

Of caves, or waves aught hidden:

Say why you have me sought?”

The beautiful sprite, with the smile of dew,
That just let its goodness be seen athro’,

Did answer make

To the Sprite of the Sea, and spake—

“ Brother of the greedy brine,
Tales of horror deep are thine :
List me, why I sung you hence—
A deed worth our omnipotence :
There is an earth-born son to save
From the wrathful gorge of the tideless wave ;
For that man, as a god, is true and brave,
And pineth himself for the land of the slave—
Is fetter'd and bound for the land of the slave.
Oh, Sea !—’tis my will this Man-God to save
From the pitiless rage of the tideless wave !
A spirit like his on our earth is as rare
As trees on the ocean, or sands in the air ;
And his glory and truth shall ever remain
A soul-worshipp’d pillar on Liberty’s plain !
And that man shall we save
From the hungry, wild wave !
Oh, the deeds of the brave
On the records of earth, last as long as the grave !
Wills my rod, and bade my brain
Woo the Sphere-Gods with a strain :
Thus I sought you, mover of the main.”

And the sprite of the thundering air came down—

And spaketh to him the beautiful one,

And rehearseth her wish that the thunder's frown,

And the winds might let the lov'd bark pass on—

And Echo re-said—"LET THE BARK PASS ON!"

The SPIRIT OF WIND saith, he loveth the soul,

Like his own, to be Free, from pole to pole ;

And he swears by his strength, for Liberty's sake,

He shall send genial airs in the lov'd bark's wake ;

And he vows, with the fair one, conjointly to save

The Free-loving soul from a stormy grave.

I could hold still no more

My breath, as before,

But shouted—"Joy !—joy !—Oh, the blest martyr save—

For his wisdom shall yet guide the steps of the brave !"

Ere I finish'd my thought,

I was rapidly caught,

And whirled like a leaf on the autumn's tomb ;

The bright scene was cleft,

And I wept at being left,

Sad, thoughtful, and lone, in my own little room.

The light had burnt down dingy and dim,

And a distant hum, like a waking hymn,

'Rose from the streets—and the heavens gray
Whisper'd a new-born Sabbath-day.
I felt a something roll down my cheek—
The words of a feeling the tongue can't speak ;
For I thought of him who was yesterday sent—
(The Sun of the Free in my land's firmament)—
To a fetter'd life o'er the western foam,
From the land of his voice, and the joys of his home;
And I cursed the power that sent him there,
'Till my study was thick with the palsied air ;
And I vow'd that I'd hate, if I could nothing more,
While a grain of sand roll'd on my life's lone shore,
The Phantasm "law," 'neath the pure vestal veil
She stealeth her courtezan teachings to seal ;⁽²¹⁾
And I'll keep my vow yet, please heaven, the day
Freedom's hand shades Time's dial, in pointing that way !

* * * * *

Morn smiled with a crispy smile on my floor,
Sorrowful, sad, and lonely ;
And I sank weak as one whose days are o'er,
As the town-clock chimed—one—two—three—four—
Sorrowful, sad, and lonely.

MIND,

A LABOR CHANT.

RINGERS on the chiming anvil—

Tillers of the soil—

Men of nerve and sweated brows—

Men of truth and toil—

Levelers of primeval forests—

Craftsmen of the city—

Here's a chant—a labor chant—

Chorus now my ditty!

Brothers, here's my hand and heart, too;

Ev'ry vein is for my kind;

What is wealth, if it should part you,

With its whisperings so golden,

(As deceitful as 'tis olden,)

From that only god-found palace,

Where, from Learning's crystal chalice,

• Draught ye mighty stoups of MIND?

Men of brawny bone and sinew,
Honest toil and craft—
Men, whose homely brows are sun-dyed,
Toiling on life's raft,
Down the wild sea of existence—
Truthful more than witty—
Here's a chant of sweet resistance—

Chorus now my ditty !

Brothers, if you mean to lift your
Trusty heads among your kind,
Aid the giant, Thought, to shift your
Lives upon the way of knowledge ;
(Learning's road is free of tollage ;)
And with shouts an hundred hundred,
Has the Age's spirit thundered—
“ Whoso ruleth ?—Nought but MIND ! ”

Men, whose only mace and sabre
Are the Scythe and Sledge—
Men, whose corded sinews labor
At the wheel or wedge—
Men, who love the earned prize,
Who scorn the rich man's pity—
Here's a chant !—come, chorus, rise,
And swell aloud my ditty !

Brothers, earth would be a dismal,
Barren, wretched place, designed,
If it had not Nature's prismatic
Sunlight, bright'ning, as it dallies,
O'er the hill-sides and the valleys !
But more darksome, soulless, carron,
Is the heart whose vales lie barren,
Unlit by the Sun of MIND !

SONG AT SEA.

Here's to the blue waves below, boys—
Here's to the blue sky above us—
But, here's to the girls we know, boys,
With the dark, dark eyes, who love us !

May life be free as the wave, boys !
And, when Time his glass stays o'er us,
Oh, may the path to the grave, boys,
Be lit with eyes that adore us !

LOVE IN THE GOLDEN VALE.

PROEM.

WE talked of our land,
The dear beautiful land !
As we paced slowly through
 Thicket, streamside, and dale ;
And we spoke of the souls,
The young, high-bearing souls
Of her sons !—and love too,
 In that rich Golden Vale.

Proud is the smother'd wail—
Dying chief in his mail,
Heroes fall swift as hail
 In battle's hour ;
Fierce are the valiant then,
Wild are the coolest men,
Cold blood and prison-den
 Are cowards' dower.

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Here Eva, while we throw
From our join'd hearts the flow—
Like two wild streams of wo,
 Link'd in despair;
While we uncowl our souls,
Bare to the God who rolls
Earth on its icy poles,
 Clasp me in pray'r.

If you would bless me now,
More than can earth endow,
Pillow your angel brow
 Close on mine, then—
Let your dark curling hair
Spread o'er my temples bare,
And bind them down to pray'r,
 Love, say—Amen !

Down on the sward we knelt,
My brow her lov'd curls felt,
And round my neck there dwelt
 Eva's soft arm,

As though choice had design'd
Her guardian spirit kind
To cheer and raise my mind
Sad in life's storm.

As might an angel fair,
From Heaven's depths of pray'r,
Cling to the lone hope there,
So clung to me ;
This loved enthusiast one !
Her whom I'd sought and won—
Matchless, from Slievenamon,
Round to the Sea !

Onward the proud Suir bore,
Distant gray Galteemore,
Round his old summit wore
The Sun's last smile ;
And clouds of golden dye,
Like heirs watching last sigh
Of those they 'll profit by,
Float round the while.

Golden-ray'd depths of blue,
Part sunny—part in dew—
And Heaven's mystic hue,
 God-like and grand !
On—like a vision dreams—
Purple hills—ruby streams—
Till the rich valley seems
 One spirit-land !

And an Ambrosial draught,
At god-like banquets quaff'd—
Where round the goblets laugh'd
 Sweet Ashphodel ;
Is the Suir's golden spray—
We knelt, but did not pray,
Lest what the mouth would say
 Might break the spell.

Who would such blisses break ?
Eyes, more than tongues can speak—
Answering, I prest my cheek
 Eva's upon !

Both souls were bubbling high—
Quick breathing—wild each eye—
Embracing, every sigh
 Rolled into one!

Sunset's gone—stars are blent
With our thought's firmament,
The loved and loving bent
 In their last kiss—

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Night—night of Bliss.

THE REAPING OF MOULOUGH.⁽²²⁾

Air—"IRISH MOLLY, O."

IF Nature gave to human life a centuried length of years,
And with them gave the strength of mind for which age
only fears,

I'll bless that glorious harvest-day, and chronicle the date,
For 'tis a smile 'midst mem'ry's tears for sorrowed 'Forty-
eight.

From far and wide the reapers came—through love his
cause they bore—

From Commeragh's wild to Slievenamon—from Grange
to Galteemore—

Like streamlets rushing to the sea, like wrecked men to
a rock,

They hurried down and gathered at the Reaping of Mou-
lough.

God bless the hardy Reapers ! and Lord bless the mind
that gave

The thoughts that made their sinews aid and help the
outlawed brave !

The mind that lives in noble deeds, all earth-made vaunters
mock—

And souls like yours are Freedom's hope, ye Reapers of
Moulough !

Oh, bend the Reapers joyfully !—the hook with fervor
plies !—

And maidens of the sunny south bind up the falling
prize !

Oh, may the tyrants of our soil so fall before our wrath,
And wives of Irish conquerors aid to bind them in their
path !

Sly thoughts of Freedom 'woke my mind as bound was
stook and sheaf ;

There thousands, not less noble souls, ranged 'round the
noble Chief,

And eager gasped but for his word, to make each stook
a rock,

To plant the flag of Freedom at the Reaping of Mou-
lough !

A WELCOME.

WELCOME, my own-beloved, long-beloved idol !

Come to this bosom, as sun to the earth !

Come, and let joyousness wildly confide all

Memory's treasures to towers of mirth !

Welcome ! oh, long has the sight of my darling

Sadly been wish'd for, in weepings of gall—

Sadly, but now where's the demon or marling

Will keep from my bosom the spirit of all ?

Welcome, my long-cherish'd, idolized maiden,

Dream of my boyhood, and bliss of my youth !

Come—here's a heart that will prove thee an Eden,

Bright as the first, in the god-land of truth !

Oh, with this pleasure my frame's in a tremor—

Stoical preachers may smile at me now !

Laughing, like curses, befool the defamer—

Kisses, like yours, burn into my brow !

Welcome, as light to the chain-worn captive !

Welcome, as joy to the heartstrings of grief !

Welcome, as Freedom in war won and wrapt, if

Death has not brought to the Slave's soul relief !

Welcome, as poison, if Honor's the chalice !

Welcome, as Heaven, to the spirit that's gone !

Welcome, as triumph of truth over malice !—

Come to my bosom, my transcendent one !

SONG.

SWELL the clarion, now,

Drum the ringing tabor !

Here's—the toiler's brow,

And the hand of labor

May his brow be high !

May his hand be trusty !

May his truth ne'er die,

Nor his sledge grow rusty !

Men may smile and bow

To their money'd neighbor :

Give me hands to plough

With share—or with sabre !

Swell the clarion, &c.

PLAIN ADVICE.

MEN, who'd have your brother man
As a friend adore you,
Rush not madly in his van—
Wait, and look before you!
Leaves upon a madden'd stream
Kiss, and feed the river;
On a wave of placid beam,
Buoyant float they ever.

Friends, who'd make a noble start,
Gaining man's affection,
Alway have the open heart—
Scorning mean detection.
Candor is a beacon fire,
Life's gloom'd abyss guiding,
Giving Hope when Spleen's desire
Chokes its own confiding.

Minds, who'd raise a skyward hope,
With words kind and songful,
Give to Right the will to cope—
Justice to the wrongful !
Kneel in pray'r to God most high !
Bow to Freedom's altars !
Bless the steel, when Freedom's nigh—
Curse the slave who falters !

None need know how oft you kneel :
Must all count your matins,
As tho' they truckled in souls' weal,
As well as knaves in satins ?
Give me minds to do and dare,
Without the voice of ranting :
A silent and a holy pray'r
Is worth an age of canting !

THE LEINSTER MAID.

RICH was the gloaming,
Autumn leaves fadin' ;
Thro' the vale, roaming,
Skipt a young maiden,
Lovely as life of truth,
Where sin ne'er ventur'd—
Pure-soul'd as infant youth
Age had not censur'd.

On she went tripping ;
Dew on the morning
Came with more dripping—
Left with more warning.
Noiseless, as mystic dream,
On she went gliding ;
Or, like a sun-light beam,
Thro' ravine sliding.

Her face, a solace
Might give the weary ;
True as a Wallace--
Mild as a fairy.
Nimblest her tiny foot,
On hill or forest ;
Soul from the branded root—
Despots abhorrest.

Her sainted grandsire
Fell by the Barrow,
When the fair lands' ire
Sprang like an arrow
Wildly from Freedom's bow :
Hope gleam'd aspirant,
Striking—not killing—low,
The hated tyrant.⁽²⁴⁾

Calm is her bosom—
Stately, the maiden ;
Wrongs—you can't choose 'em,
So thickly laden,

Lie on that placid soul !

She thinks—and grieveth,
Lest o'er her years may roll
Ere she's relieveth.

Yes—that weak woman

For glory's pining !
Death to the foeman—
Sunbursts a shining !⁽²⁵⁾
And you would love her fate,
Minds chill and narrow,
When she sings—“ 'Ninety-eight,”
“ New Ross,” or “ Barrow !”

KITTY TYRREL.

THE Waters of the Rhine are blue—
The Liffey's waves are brown, love—
The nectar of the morning dew
Is richer than a crown, love :
But Kitty's eyes out-tint the Rhine—
And, brown as Liffey's water,
The flowing hair shades the divine
Pale brow of Dodder's daughter.
The bright dew on the rose is dull,
Before the charms that whirl
Around the lips,
The luscious lips,
Of pretty Kitty Tyrrel !

Does Kitty ever think of him
Whose lot is far away, love ?—
Or of those days ere life was dim—
Or nights—young Cupid's day, love !

That rascal's joys are sweet as swift—

Nay, swifter are they, sweetest—

As his bright shaft's unerring drift

Rends deeper when 'tis fleetest !

Oh, life was then a forest-tree—

And, swift as any squirrel,

We pranced, I vow,

On pleasure's bough—

Ah ! playful Kitty Tyrrel !

HURRAH, FOR THE GRAVE.

“The Grave—the Grave, is the true tranquillizer.”

Mangan's "German Anthology."

HURRAH for the wormy grave, boys !

Hurrah for the wormy grave !

When the world is false, or our girl's love halts,

There's pleasure alone in the grave.

Hurrah for the airless grave, boys !

The lonely and deep-delv'd grave !

When nations are lost, like ships tempest-toss'd,

There's quiet and rest in the grave.

UNA.

AN IRISH PEASANT'S LAMENT.

OH, thick sorrows rend my heart,

Una,

Can I e'er my thoughts impart,

Una,

Oh! why art thou, my pulse, gone,

Leaving me to wander lone,

On the rocks of life, *Och hone!*

Una Mavrone.

Oh! this choking heart will burst,

Una,

Would to God would come the worst,

Una,

Those eyes I can never render

To see ought—but comes in splendor,

Thy soft eyes beaming so tender!

Una Mavrone.

Oh, why e'er across my way,

Una,

Did thy light foot ever stray,

Una ?

Coming but as a vision—

As angel on a mission !

Flying off with love's petition,

Una Mavrone.

When you, blushing, lent your ear,

Una,

First my heart-accent to hear,

Una,

You were blithe as first of May !

Swift as young doe bounds o'er brae !

And as light as mountain fay !

Una Mavrone.

And your voice was clear as Spring !

Una,

Your lips from the proud Sea-king,

Una,

Were a gift of coral red !
Still with tempting nectar spread,
Such as might the gods have fed !

Una Mavrone.

Dare I think of your soft eyes ?

Una,

Can I bid expression rise,

Una ?

No—my tongue forbids to speak
Of raven hair and velvet cheek—
Tho' strong in thought, in words I'm weak ;

Una Mavrone.

Ah ! dead is thy voice to me,

Una,

Must I ne'er tread down Glanchree ?

Una,

No—no—*Ma colleen*—never—

That glen my soul would sever,

Oh, *Mavourneen*, lost for ever !

Una Mavrone.

Well *ban a stor* please glory,
Una,
We'll meet ; for life lacks story ;
Una,
Yes ! we'll shortly meet, for I'm
Wild and weary of my time,
And death's knell tolls swift its chime,
Una Mavrone.

Then, farewell, sweet days of peace—
Una,
Joy is past—come life's release ;
Una,
Oh, sweet *Matair*⁽²³⁾ *Maire*, bless ;
And sooth my heart's wretchedness,
Till the grave my woes caress,
Una Mavrone.

Then, my soul ! my sorrows o'er,
On life's reef and rocky shore,
I'll seek in death my heart's *a stor* !
Una Mavrone.

DARLING FAN.

LET poetic lovers go prattle,
And sing of their Chloes and Rosas—
And Quixotic wooers go battle
In homage to rustic Tobosas ;
Let Time make a football of Honor—
Let headaches be got without drinking—
A Maiden with twenty years on her ;
Or, let the Moon laugh without winking—
In short, lovely Fanny, I swear it.
A harem of beauties may hear it,
I know not so charming a spirit
From the wilds of Catskill to Lough Dan,
As you, you sly, cherry-lipp'd fairy,
With a smile, like homes to the weary,
With the blue eye, and step just as cheery—
I am yours, only yours, darling Fan !

The time may come yet when the dollar,
That immortal, ever-young fellow !
May fill up the purse of the scholar,
And make the poor devil's days mellow !—

Old Milton regarded as shallow—

Will Shakspeare be sold for waste paper—

Tom Moore wrapt round cheese—Byron, tallow,

And Freedom's flame fade to a taper ;

But never, I swear, lovely charmer,—

Dare you doubt me, you witching disarmer ;

Can my love or my homage grow warmer ?

If you doubt it, tell, tell me the plan ;

That I'll follow to prove my devotion,

Leave my books, and the wild-fire notion

Of sailing on Fame's stormy ocean,

And cling to my own darling Fan.

A DREAM.

I've sang, dear Bell, to Kate and Moll,

And eulogized dear Fanny ;

But now I tell you, once for all,

I love you best of any.

And though I sigh to Rose and Liz,

And they pout back to me, love,

I swear that nothing more it is

Than pout and sigh to me, love.

But, oh ! to gaze with heartless eyes,
With soulless lips be swearing,
True love to thee from Heaven cries
For death to cure my daring.
You say, my ev'ry notes rejoice,
The while of them I'm car'ling—
I was but tuning up my voice,
To sing of you, my darling !

I had a dream, the other night—
Sit close, my dove, and hear it :
I dreamt (would you believe) that sprite—
That woful sprite—don't fear it—
That little scapeless, godless god,
Whom rhymers call young Cupid,
Came with his knowing, winking nod—
O, who dare call him stupid ?
He bade me name some maiden's name ;
I faltèred out my dearest !
And ere an echo cooled my flame,
She came with smile the clearest ;
And eyes, whose brightness dimm'd the youth's,
He left us jealous, snarling—
I kissed, and O ! that dreams were truths,
Then you were mine, my darling !

NOTES.



(1)—*Rathlin*, a small island off the north of the county Antrim. It is highly deserving of a visit from the antiquary or the man of science. The remains of Bruce's castle, and the stone coffins in the centre of the island, are full of interest for the pilgrim student. Here also are seen enchanting optical aerial illusions,—less known, but equal to the striking phenomenon of the Messina Straits—the *Fata Morgana*. Of this supreme and poetical deception—which completely transfers the mind from its earthly relations into all the light and glories of the shadow-land—it will not be uninteresting to have a description from Angelucci, a friar, and the first who accurately makes note of it:—

“On the 15th of August, 1643,” says he, “as I stood at my window, I was surprised with a most delectable vision. The sea that washes the Sicilian shore, swelled up, and became, for ten miles in length, like a chain of dark mountains; while the waters of our Calabrian coast grew quite smooth, and, in an instant, appeared as one clear polished mirror, reclining against the afore-said ridge. On this glass was depicted, in *chiaro scuro*, a string of several thousands of pilasters, all equal in altitude, distance, and degree of light and shade. In a moment they lost half their height, and bent into arches, like Roman aqueducts. A long cornice was next formed on the top, and above it arose castles innumerable, all perfectly alike. These soon split into towers, which were shortly after lost in columns—and then windows—and, at last, ended in pines, cypresses, and other trees, even and similar. This was the *Fata Morgana*, which, for twenty years, I had thought a mere fable.”

Such an illusion, with the accessories which the grand and picturesque shores of Antrim present—the rugged and romantic cliffs opposite—with an occasional ruin standing alone in its desolation, like some bewitched soul doomed to eke out its decay, counting years by the century, that its torture may be enhanced in the sole recollection of its early glory and purgatorial dissolution—and the wild scenic character of that coast—would be worth half an existence to gaze upon. What I think most like to it, would be one of Martin's sublime

and awful pictorial imaginings of the early world transformed into a stupendous reality, and contemplate that unearthly moment as one in which it would be a blessing to die.

(2)—*Shelan*, a small but beautiful lough, on the borders of Meath, and near the junction of the provinces of Ulster, Leinster, and Connaght.

(3)—*Irishtown Cross,*
And steep New Ross,

Places celebrated in the memorials of the War for Independence in 1798, in the county Wexford. The former town is a portion of the latter, but is outside the memorable Three-bullet Gate, the attack and capture of which, on the entry of the insurgents into Ross, exhibited so much headlong bravery. New Ross is situated on the side of a steep hill overlooking the river Barrow. In the spring of 1845, I spent some time in the revolutionary neighborhoods of Old Ross, the rock of Carrig-Byrne, and Lackan Hill; and, on several visits to the Modellings, Irishtown, and New Ross, went over the ground of "one of the most bloody and most protracted battles ever fought in Ireland."* As I approached those scenes, the more distracted and uncertain did the actual presence of time become. My soul and spirit—all that is immortal of man—was not sensible of the present. By that electricity of thought and congeniality of feeling which imbues an admirer with the age, spirit, or principle of his admiration, I was living forty-seven years past, amid the by-gones, on an ever-to-be-remembered fifth of June. I walked over the ground with an abstracted silence—driven by impulse, and a suffocating welling round my heart, that drowned any attempt at utterance.

I approached the Gate with a nervous determination, feeling as though a host of soldiery, with faces thirstier for blood than their bayonets, were opposed to my entrance; nearer—still nearer—every step adding to my force of will, until I passed beneath its hallowed arches—my young blood glowing with the fervor of a martyr. I passed down the streets, and, in imagination, saw the royal ensign of our oppressor carried, in the confusion of defeat, across the Barrow's tide. I turned my back to the river, and walked up the town, in the same burning silence—in that distracted state, in which we know it would be real bliss to unloose the flood-gates of the heart in tears—but they come not. I passed through the town, and re-entered it by the avenue called the "Brogue-makers' Lane." I also visited the *boreen slough*; and, returning again from places which gave me such unutterable pain, lost myself in the glory and shame of the time.

When opposite the Cross of Irishtown—that memorial of the day's disaster—nature aided me in bursting the bonds of silence, only to call down a malediction on that intemperance which annihilated the hopes of Munster in that

* Barrington's "Rise and Fall."

insurrection, and weightened the balance of Fate against Ireland for years. To-day—nearly five years since—with a greater knowledge of Ireland and her history—with late personal experiences—with the opinions of her most gifted sons before me—and an exile from her—I feel the virtue of my youthful curse!

(5)—I wrote this song very hurriedly, late one night, on my return from one of the Dublin Confederate Clubs—where I had seen, for the first time, some splendid specimens of pike-heads. The sight of that glorious weapon, and the anxiety displayed in choosing the most formidable shape, gave me my title and theme—"Hope at Last." It was written for my fellow-citizens—that class of society denominated The People—and was printed a day or two afterwards in one of the cheap revolutionary publications which floated on the tide of sedition.

(6)—This chaunt was the last song in the last number of the last great National Journal published in Ireland previous to the abortive risings of Ballin-gary, Slievenamon, and Portlaw, in 1848. It was printed in the "Irish Felon," for the publication of which paper, John Martin—the estimable, the simple, and the high-minded—was exiled to a British penal colony, for ten years.

(7)—A spear.

(8)—I would suggest that this word be spelled, in future, *Inis-felon*—"The Isle of Felons;" it is needless to say why.

(9)—The Dead Sea.—A great portion of the country was proclaimed under martial law—and no person, "by law," could keep arms, without informing the ruling authorities; and even then, the latter would allow the possession of such weapons only to residents considered well-affected to the "Crown and Government." I was of the opinion, that every man, of his own right, ought to have, openly or secretly, what arms he chose—and so composed me a little sarcastic ditty.

(10)—The Well of Saint Anne, situate in the valley of Glan-nis-mole. Kilmo-santan is the ruins of a primitive Christian church, about two hundred yards nearer to the river Dodder, than the well.

(11)—The valley of Glan-nis-mole was celebrated for its ash woods, not a vestige of which now remains, (although a great portion of its sides still retain the name of "The Woods,") except a young growth springing here and there from some of the roots which were not entirely carried off. Foxtail—the plant so called from its resemblance to a fox's brush.

(12)—"Pray for the unfortunate."

(13)—Pronounced *colleen bawn*.

(14)—These stanzas were written in contemplation of the probable fate of the state prisoners, and of the hopes, doubts, dangers, and success of the lead-

ers, who were wandering in the south—principally in Tipperary and Waterford—at the time. It was the day following the arrest of Smith O'Brien, at Thurles—a rumor of which had just reached Carrick.

(15)—The turbulency and pride of this northern Shane O'Neill had the effect of creating the English hate to such an extent, that, either by "war or diplomacy," they were determined to reduce him. "Yes," says Mitchel, "they would now shower their tinsel honors upon him—set his foot upon the necks of all his enemies—enrich him with the spoil of numerous abbeys,—let him only consent to kneel at the footstool of a foreign throne, and place his country under the iron heel of English power." But, Shane the Proud despised those paltry coronets. "Letters-patent could not strengthen him in Tyr-owen; and for abbeys, if he had been reformer enough, he could have robbed them for himself."—*Life of Hugh O'Neill*.

(16)—"Elizabeth, while she loaded him with honors, vowed revenge in secret, and swore, 'by God's death,' that such a *rascaille* kerne should not long despise her peerages and defy her power."—*Ibid*.

(17)—Leland thus describes O'Neill's appearance before the Queen, in London, and the ignorant awe and wonder of the good citizens of Elizabeth's licentious capital:—"He resolved to attend her in a manner suited to her princely dignity. * * * * He appeared in London, attended by a guard of Gallowglasses, arrayed in the richest habiliments of their country—armed with the battle-axe—their heads bare—their hair flowing on their shoulders," (there being in force, at the time, the Kilkenny statute prohibiting the growth of hair so)—"their linen vests dyed with saffron, with long and open sleeves—and surcharged with their short military harness;—a spectacle astonishing to the people, who imagined they beheld the inhabitants of some distant quarter of the globe."

(18)—"A powerful body of English troops was sent to Derry, under Colonel Randolph, ostensibly as auxiliaries against the Scots, but, in truth, to form a settlement there, which might be a key to Ulster, (or a bit between the teeth of O'Neill.) These English being true Reformers, made small account of the sanctity of that ancient seat of piety. They turned the church into an arsenal, and fortified themselves upon the hill of Derry."—*Hugh O'Neill*.

(19)—I trust that none of my Episcopallan or other readers will accuse me of bigotry, for the occasional epithets of opposition to the Reformatory times. My allusions are in accordance with the characteristics of my ballad, and rigidly in the path of historical accuracy.

(20)—Mitchel, in a note to his "Hugh O'Neill," says—"There is an obscurity about the cause of the English troops evacuating Derry. The story of the skirmish in which Randolph was killed, is given by Camden and Cox; but O'Sulli-

van does not mention it at all. And, on the other hand, the miracle of the wolf is an unsatisfactory account of the matter. O'Sullivan, however, does not state it as a fact, but as a popular belief in his day."

"The ignorant," says Leland, (Vol. II., p. 282,) "and superstitious exclaimed, that the holy Kolum-kil had at length taken vengeance on the sacrilegious profaners of his residence. They propagated their tale, (well calculated for those to whom they addressed themselves,) of the enormous wolf which had issued out of the woods, snatched up a burning brand in his teeth, and cast it into the church, which the heretics have converted into an arsenal." So the pious Columkille avenged himself; and, without questioning the superstition, I will only say, the legend (which is conceived with no idle or ignorant credulity, and which materially aided Shane's purposes,) presents an enticing, if not an interesting, pastime for the balladist.

(21)—John Mitchel was put through the formula of a trial on the 26th of May, 1848; and at five minutes past seven in the evening, was found guilty—*of course*. On the next morning, (Saturday,) he was brought up for sentence. Mankind will ever remember his heroism at the bar, and his grand burst of eloquence and prophecy at the time. For compassing, imagining, devising, intending, etc., to levy war, and deprive "Our Gracious Queen" of the style, title, dignity, and privilege of Sovereign of "these realms," and to plant, instead, "an Irish Republic," Mitchel was transported, in chains, "beyond the seas, for the term of fourteen years." A sad day for Ireland! The ensuing Sabbath was virtually the most unholy in the land since the days of Wolf Tone. Instead of the lamentation for his capture and departure, it should have been the requiem for those killed in his defence, or the thrilling alleluias of victorious barricades and a captured city.

"English law, then, however she may affect the antique phrase and spotless veil of Justice, can never win our respect and obedience. We recognise and abhor the strumpet, although she have stolen the robes of a vestal,"

*Address of the Irish Students' Club to O'Brien, Meagher, and Mitchel,
May 18th, 1848.*

Ben Heder—the Hill of Howth—a celebrated promontory, with which there are connected several historic legends. It forms the northern boundary of the beautiful Bay of Dublin. Its outline is bold, varied, and picturesque. Many a happy day, in company with some of my dearest friends, have I spent in ascending its dangerous and craggy heights, and in exploring the many caverns which perforate its base.

(22)—*Moulough*, or *Mullough*, in the parish of Ballyneale, county Tipperary, was the residence of John O'Mahony. The "reaping" was written to commemorate such an incident of the harvesting, rendered memorable in this case by the patriotic spirit which led to it. The accompanying extract from a sketch

of my friend, published shortly after my escape to this land, will not be out of place :—

"This reaping took place on the 22d of August—and I had never up to that time seen such an inspiring sight. The Monster Meetings of '43 were great and magnanimous—the Confederate Meetings were enthusiastic and spirited—but this mountain and valley band of reapers, old and young, and binders, bright-eyed and brown-haired, struck me to the soul as being hopeful in a high degree. Coming from miles and miles away—from the smiling vale, and over the heath hill—the rich farmer with his score of men, the poor peasant with his ready hook—the eagerness which they displayed in their 'love labor,' and their determination to overcome all obstacles,—filled me with visions of bliss for futurity. And there was an *obstacle*—or rather, there was one a-foot—but it failed. A body of cavalry and police were sent from Carrick-on-Suir, in the idea of raising a quarrel, or in the vain hope of arresting O'Mahony, and of butchering the unarmed peasants, should they dare a rescue. But, despite the intrusion of this horde of hirelings, and their attempts to raise a disturbance, by trampling with their horses on the corn, and pushing in the midst of the people, order was preserved by a few noble and courageous men, who hurried through the ranks of the reapers, encouraging them to preserve steadily the object for which they came. They needed no counsel—they were determined to repay the intrusion at a not far off day; and here, reader, my spirit and heart would forsake me, save that living senses of retrospection cry—"God! to what a low grade of serfdom may a people not be brought, through the unrighteous superstition of a religious ban!"

"From that day I took my fate with O'Mahony, in the close woods and the wild hills, the earthy cave and the peasant's friendship: and while on this subject, I will say, that a warmer-hearted race of men for the outlaw's safety never existed."

(23)—Pronounced as if written *Maohirh*, and, anglicised, means Mary Mother, or Mother of God.

(24)—Alluding to the struggle in 1798.

(25)—The National Flag of Ireland—a green flag, with a rising sun on it.

Note to "A Voice from the People," p. 29.—This appeal, and the one which follows, were written at a time when the country, and more particularly the city of Dublin, was equally excited and astonished by the decisive measures of the Government. By one politic blow, the life of the National Press was attempted, nay, almost taken. The leading journals were issued as usual on the morning of Saturday, the 8th of July. Treason ran riot in print—rebellion foamed in the precincts of Dublin Castle—aye, lightened in the very shadow of vice-royalty. Who was there, of friends or foes, that did not read the "rebel"

press? Who, indeed? Why, from monarchy's proxy to the humblest news-boy, all were capable, from pure study, to read "My lord" or "My lady" a pungent lecture on the "jacobin articles" of the week. The people, who are so often fed by demagogues, and had of late been seduced from the table of a grand one, liked the new food *well*; but the Castle officials, who were used to veritable good things, thought the rebellious "feast of reason" much too savory for the equanimity of their palates, and so determined to "squelch" the sauce, devastate the ingredients, and interdict the inventors. So accordingly, within twenty-four hours from that noon—on the 8th—"The Irish Tribune" office was ransacked, the MSS. and autographs zealously secured, and two of its editorial proprietors—my friends, Richard D'Alton Williams and Kevin Izod O'Dogherty—with the printer, were arrested on a charge of treason-felony, and lodged in Newgate. "The Irish Felon," and its proprietor, John Martin, met the same fate; while "The Nation," and its editor, were respectively assaulted and arrested: Two days after—about the same hour—Thomas Francis Meagher and Michael Doheny were arrested—the former in Waterford, the latter in Cashel. Here were two glorious moments—perhaps the most hopeful in '48—lost to Irish Liberty, through the want of a settled plan among the leaders. Oh, no wonder is it that the God of battles and of barricades forsook us—for he was slighted when he gave us a shrine, and an opportunity to kneel thereon. And, until Ireland has a man who will take as well as make his opportunity, she will remain a province; for what is the game of war, but the science of opportunity? Raise Mar's vizor—look at his face. By the Lord, 'tis all opportunity!

All was excitement. Enthusiasm carried hope such a long journey, that hope itself could scarce support the brain that reared it. The "Tribune" did not appear after the 8th. The "Felon" (whose printer was not at that time arrested,) issued two more numbers, in the second of which the preceding "Chaunt" was printed; and in a contemplated number, which was arrested on the eve of publication, the above "Voice" was to have appeared—myself and others of the "Tribune" having offered our services to the survivor, on the arrest of our own journal.

Note to "Saint Anne's Well," p. 41.—Kippure, Castlekelly, Balmannock, Cornaun, (better known as the "Old Hill of Rollinstown," and at present called Montpelier,) See-Finane, &c., are the names of various hills which form part of the Dublin range, and look down into the valley of Glan-nis-mole. The brown Kippure is at the remote end of the vale. That sprightly, little, wayward stream, the Dodder, rises in this hill from three points, which join a short way down, and spring and leap thence into the valley—the thousand streamlets and cascades from the surrounding hills rushing down to follow its sparkling crest, and join their wandering voices into a united burst of song. Oh, that man would take the lesson this mountain stream affords!

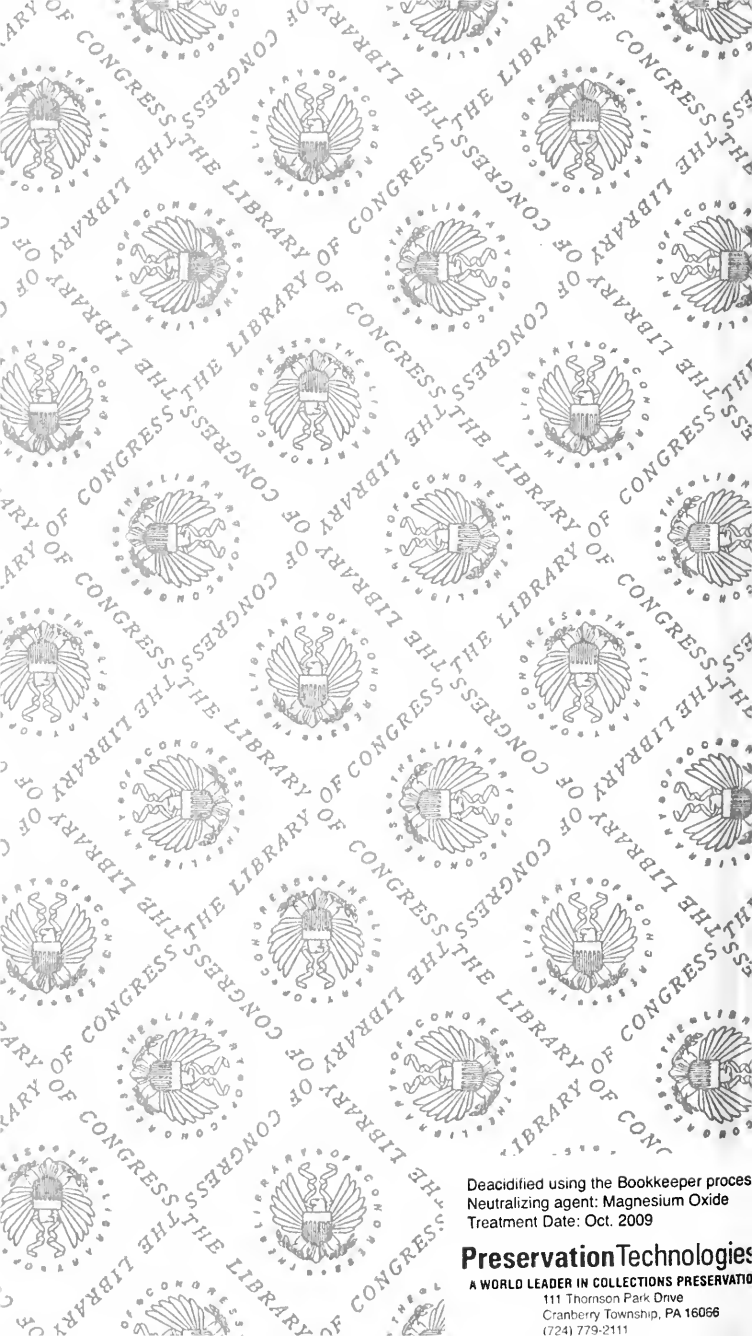
The scenery in this delightful valley is solitary, grand, bold, and effective. Every turn brings the eye in presence of some new, striking, rugged scene, highly picturesque—the wild stream always prancing around you, twisting and leaping into all sorts of diamonded shapes, and chaunting its merry lyrics into your intoxicated ears. I have lived there—and when not a resident, it was for years a place of constant visiting; for that mountain air gave new life to some of my dearest relatives, as well as health and delight to myself. The names of the hills and the people, with me are synonymous; to name either, is to name both—for there is scarcely a cot in the valley but I have been a visiter to. Some of the happiest—ay, the *very* happiest—days of my existence were spent here in the pastimes of the mountaineers, or strolling over the lonely hills with my favorite poet—exploring the old ruins—chasing the Dodder, over rock and morass, to its very fount—making pilgrimages to the “Holy Well”—or, expounding the beauties of the scene, and building airy castles to the dark-eyed companion by my side; ah, me!—and that dark-eyed companion went away into dream-land with me then, for we were young—and youth will soar, until imagination becomes weak from their daring, and they cling to each other for support; each to the other finds itself a staff—each, of itself, is weak; they cling—perchance they love! Ah, reader, we have wandered to the land of shapes: let this be a dream—awake.

This valley is celebrated for its beautiful thrushes.

Coliagh—old woman.







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